

*David Charles'*

# Boston Vintage Sports Flashback

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JULY 7, 1934

## RED SOX NOSE OUT ATHLETICS

### Ferrell Brothers Put On Their Act

By James C. O'Leary, The Boston Globe

Yesterday's game at Fenway Park, the third in the series with the Athletics, and which was won by the Red Sox, 11 to 10, was one for the book. It was apparently won a couple of times by the Athletics before the final showdown, but the Red Sox kept coming from behind, dogging them all the way, and while they got into a tie a couple of times they never got out in front until the tying and winning runs were sent clattering over the plate on a double by "Wes" Ferrell, who was sent in as a pinch hitter, after his brother "Rick" had put the runners on third and second with a sacrifice.

The Red Sox went into the ninth inning with the score 10 to 7 against them, they were confronted with what certainly looked like a forlorn hope.

#### Morgan Starts It

Morgan led off with a single, Roy Johnson followed with a double to right, and Reynolds put both over the plate with a single; "Wiggly" Porter did some fancy wiggling, which may or may not have disconcerted Cascarella. In any event the Athletic hurler got himself in the hole by trying to tempt Porter to offer at bad balls. The count was three and nothing, when Cascarella was pulled out and Mahaffey sent in. The latter completed the pass that Cascarella had started, and Porter walked to first. Rick Ferrell advanced the runners with a sacrifice, and the stage was perfectly set for what followed. Brother "Wes" was sent to bat in place of Walberg, who had an unusual place in the jumbled-up batting order because of substitutions.

"Wes" bent his bat on a nice one sent up by Mahaffey, and the ball went skyrocketing toward the flagpole in center field. For a time it looked as if it were going to clear all barriers, but it landed high up on the wall, and Reynolds and Porter soon registered at the plate with the tying and winning runs.

#### Bolt From the Blue

The transformation came like a bolt out of the blue. The spectators went wild, and the Red Sox players went wilder. The former yelled their heads off, and the latter gathered around W. Ferrell and hugged and patted him as if he had been a long lost brother of all of them. Porter came to the plate with the winning

run by "leaps and bounds," yelling like an Apache.

The game was over, and it certainly was a grand finish - one which made one's hair curl, though the heat was something terrific.

#### Dramatic Finish

Until the climax, the game had been nothing to brag about, but the dramatic finish made up for anything lacking in the way of thrills previously.

For a while around game time it looked as if it would never be started. A heavy downpour, accompanied by thunder and lightning put the grounds in such a condition that no attempt was made to start the game until after 3:15, when the storm had passed, and the groundsmen had worked on the baselines for some time in an effort to dry them out.

Once under way however, there was something doing all the time without interruption.

Dusty Rhodes, and "Sugar" Cain were the opposing pitchers at the start, both were sent to the showers in the seventh inning, which was a big one for both teams, the visitors scoring five runs in their half, and the Red Sox four.

Neither side did anything worth while in the first inning, although Cramer got a double.

#### Higgins Gets Homer

Higgins, the first batter up in the second inning, bumped the ball over the left field fence for a home run. In the third, after Rhodes had been thrown out by McNair, Bishop singled, Werber popped to Foxx, Morgan's easy grounder was fumbled by Higgins, R. Johnson's grounder was juggled by McNair, who then threw wild to second to force Morgan, and Bishop scored.

The 1-1 tie was broken in the fourth, when the A's put over one run on singles by Warstler, Berry and McNair. Werber made a great play when he came in for Cramer's slow grounder, and threw the runner out at first, retiring the side.

The A's increased their lead in the fifth, when Rhodes passed Bob Johnson, the first batter up; Foxx beat out an infield hit, Higgins sacrificed and Miller flied to R. Johnson, B. Johnson scoring after the catch.

Morgan caught Warstler's foul fly for the third out, after which he took a high dive in the Red Sox dugout and miraculously escaped injury. Somebody had told him there was plenty of room.

#### Get Into a Tie

The Red Sox worked into a 3-3 tie in their half of the fifth. Rhodes flied to center, Bishop drew a base on balls, went to second on Werber's out at first and scored on Morgan's double to left. The latter came home on R. Johnson's single to left.

Reynolds popped to Foxx.

The A's broke the deadlock in the seventh when Rhodes, as he did in the fifth inning, passed the first man up, who this time happened to be Cramer; Bob Johnson singled to left, both runners advanced, when Lary threw Foxx out at first; Higgins fouled to Werber.

For a moment it looked as if Rhodes might wiggle out of the hole. It was decided to pitch to Bing Miller, which proved to be bad dope, for Bingo singled to right center, scoring Cramer and B. Johnson; Warsler and Berry doubled and Rhodes was relieved by Mulligan, who further complicated the situation by making a balk on which warstler scored; Cain singled, covering Berry; McNair, the ninth man up in the inning, was thrown out at first by Werber, but the A's were leading, 8 to 3.

### Run Forced Over

Then the Red Sox had an inning. Cook was sent to bat in place of Mulligan and took three called strikes; Bishop walked, Werber singled, Morgan flied to center, R. Johnson walked, filling the bases; Reynolds was passed, forcing Bishop over the plate; Cain retired and Cascarella took over the job, Porter was passed, forcing Werber over; R. ferrell singled, scoring R. Johnson and Reynolds; Solters, batting in place of Lary, hit a ball over the left-field fence, which went foul by a foot, and then was thrown out at first by Higgins. Four runs and the count 7-8, with the Red Sox on the short end.

Pennock came in to pitch and Kellett was sent to short in the eighth. Cramer and B. Johnson were easy outs on flies to Porter and R. Johnson; Foxx was passed, Higgins was safe on Kellett's low throw to first base. Owens apparently missed a third strike on Bing Miller and then Miller doubled to left, scoring Foxx and Higgins, making the count 10 to 7, and so it stood till the big noise in the ninth already described.

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MAY 16, 1963

## SOX STREAK TO LEAD ON WILSON'S 2-HITTER

By Clif Keane, The Boston Globe

A happy combination - a Red Sox victory and a White Sox loss - moved the frolicking Hose into first place by 15 percentage points in the American League Thursday.

Earl Wilson, pitching with three days' rest - a first for him in his major league career - hurled the Red Sox to their fifth straight win, their third straight over the Los Angeles Angels, and sixth in the last seven games as he blanked L.A., 3 to 0, before 5261 at Fenway.

The Red Sox owe a ote of thanks to the Cleveland Indians who bounced the White Sox, 5 to 4.

Wilson allowed the visitors two hits, walking only two, and only two men got to second base - both on wild pitches - in the first and eighth innings.

"We're doing things in 3's," said manager Bill Rigney when his team arrived. He was right.

Wilson seemed to enjoy working with less rest than usual. These Angels are his cookies. A year ago he pitched a no-hitter against them. At the start of this season, Wilson gave 'em a run in

the first inning, then blanked them the rest of the game.

So now he has 17 straight scoreless innings against the Angels. A year ago, Wilson completed only three games. Yesterday's full game gave him three so far this year.

"I didn't try to throw things by them," said earl afterwards. "I don't think I ever had a better change-of-pace, and a pretty good curve."

He used the curve to strike out two hitters in the final inning.

"O.K., so the Red Sox won three straight," said Bo Belinsky, whose speeches this year are much more forceful than his pitching. "But they'll have to beat us eight of nine in Los Angeles the way we beat them 8 of 9 here a year ago to make them look tough."

As for this Red Sox punch - which produced the 13th win in 16 games at home. Both Chuck Schilling and Eddie Bressoud fanned to open the Red Sox first inning - but carl Yastrzemski, with a 3-2 count on him by right-hander Dan Olinski, doubled off the wall in left centerfield on the next pitch. A walk to Frank Malzone. A double off the left centerfield wall by Lu Clinton and a single to left by Dick Stuart accounted for three runs and all the scoring.

The Red Sox had good chances to score in the second, when Wilson hit a broken-bat triple close by the flagpole, with one out. And in the inning, Yastrzemski and Malzone single with nobody out.

The two Angels who got to second were Leon Wagner who walked in the first inning and went ahead when Wilson threw in the dirt to Lee Thomas. And Bob Sadowski got there in the eighth, after a walk to Rodgers, Sadowski's grounder forced Rodgers, and then came a wild pitch. Fregosi lined into a double play to end the threat.

George Thomas singled in the second and Rodgers hit into a double play, and Rodgers singled in the fifth.

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OCTOBER 26, 1962

## CAPPY'S 20 POINTS POWER PATS, 26-16

By John Ahearn, The Boston Globe

All week long the rumor mongers had Geno Cappalletti slated for trading. The American's deadline is midnight tonight and the experts had Cappy on the way out of town.

Friday night at B.U. Field Cappalletti killed all rumors, saved his job and saved the team as well, as he personally took care of eerything and steered the Patriots to a 26 to 16 victory oer the not so hapless Oakland Raiders.

In his biggest game of the season, the grand opera end kicked four field goals, scored one touchdown and booted two placements for a total of 20 points as 12,514 (a surprisingly large crowd on a cold, wet night) sat through another one of those come-from-behind cliff-hangers, the Patriots are featured lately.

Once more Cappy got Boston off first with a field goal early in the game, but that only aggravated the league's cellar-swellers, who all of a sudden caught fire on the sloppy field.

Cappy's first field goal kept Boston in sight after Oakland took a 7-3 first quarter lead. His second boot made sure it wouldn't be a desperation stem chase as the Raiders had a 13-6 edge at halftime.

Then he tied it up with a touchdown catch and placement in the third period, besides giving Boston its first lead with a 31-yard boot late in the quarter.

With only 20 seconds left, Cappy made it safe, booting an 11-yard field goal to put the Patriots in first place, temporarily any way. Houston now trails by half a game, not playing until tomorrow.

If it weren't for Cappy, it's doubtful the Patriots could have staged another of their come-from-behind drives, because no one else on the club could finish off a play until late in the game.

And it wasn't because this was a cold club last night, rather, Oakland, with Bo Robertson and Clemons Daniels being sprung by Cotton Davidson, an injured quarterback, was a good team, despite its record now of 0 and 7 for the year.

Davidson was sharp all night. Right after Cappy's opening field goal, which came about when a bad pass from center on fourth down gave Boston the ball on the Oakland 23, Davidson got his club moving.

In four plays it went the distance, 63 yards and a score. The springer was a 37-yard pass to Daniels on Boston's 37.

After losing a yard he passed to Robertson, a dash man from Cornell, for the score, Davidson's first touchdown pass of the season.

Then in the second quarter, after Cappy made it 7-6 with a field goal, Robertson went around the left side for 63 yards and another touchdown.

It seemed only a matter of time for the game to be tied because with Larry Garron and Tony Romeo running and catching, respectively, the Patriots marched from their own 11 to the Oakland two.

But Oakland is tough in close and in four plays the Boston team moved only one yard, one short of requirement.

Now the second half madness was set up and Tommy Yewcic, whose main function is to kick, bailed out his team here. On a fourth and four situation Yewcic faked the kick and ran for a first down on Oakland's 44.

After six plays Babe Parilli and Cappy completed the drive as babe, using up nearly 30 seconds dancing around the backfield, passed to Cappy who caught the ball sitting down in the end zone.

The night's hero added the point which tied it up for the first time. Late in the period he kicked a field goal for 31 yards to put the Patriots ahead for the first time.

But the romp wasn't on. Far from it. On the first play of the last quarter a 72-yard pass play from Davidson to Alan Miller, ex-Boston College and Patriots, went down to the 10, from where Davidson kicked for three points and another tie.

Just as it did last week against San Diego, Boston found it could run against Oakland and Larry Garron took the cue.

He broke the game open with a 41-yard dash down the left side and Cappy came through with another point, leaving Oakland with a possibility of tying it.

The Patriots stuck to the ground on their last march with Garron and Burton lugging down to the goal line. With only seconds left, a touchdown wasn't necessary.

All Cappy had to do was kick a field goal for insurance. He did just that from the 11 to cap another wild night, and possibly save his job as a Patriot.

Boston now holds first place in the Eastern Division all by itself and this lead could stand up the rest of the way. Houston, now a half game out, meets Dallas, the best in the West, two weeks running. The Patriots meet Buffalo next week game, if they win.

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NOVEMBER 24, 1991

## THE BIG W

### Patriots, Knocking On Door For Weeks, Shut It Tight With Upset Of Bills

By Ron Borges, The Boston Globe

FOXBOROUGH - Maybe next time James Lofton will keep his opinions to himself.

All last week the Patriots talked among themselves about a quote attributed to the Buffalo wide receiver after the Bills' 22-17 win three weeks ago in which he said he saw numerous Patriots laughing after the loss because they were just happy to have stayed close to the AFC's most prolific offense.

Yesterday, the Patriots were indeed laughing, but it was for the only reason they believe has meaning in the NFL. They were laughing because they beat down the Bills, 16-13, at Foxboro Stadium and beat upon Lofton, who had but one inconsequential catch on an afternoon when his team needed considerably more than that to overcome an opponent that refused to believe it was inferior.

"We talked about Lofton's comment," defensive end Brent Williams said. "No team in this league has the arrogance to say another team is happy just coming close. He thought we were happy then? Now we're happy. We're happy with 16-13."

The Patriots were happy for an assortment of reasons, not the least of which was snapping a four-game losing streak that was beginning to wear on them like a bad fitting pair of trousers.

They had lost on the last play a week ago to the New York Jets with the ball 1 foot from the end zone. They lost by a field goal to the Denver Broncos with quarterback Hugh Millen trying to scramble for a touchdown with the ball inside the 10 on the final play. They lost to the Bills by 5. They lost so many times by a whisker it was beginning to become dangerous to leave them alone with a razor in their hands.

But this time they did not lose by a whisker. This time they won by a hair.

"We needed this one," said linebacker Andre Tippett. "When you lose as many close games as we have you have to be careful. You can lose your fire. Unconsciously, you can get yourself in a rut and you start looking at the schedule and thinking you only have three or four games to go."

"That's why we needed a win. We've been playing so hard for so many weeks. We needed a reward."

The reward came yesterday but it arrived the way so many of their losses have. It came the hard way.

New England (4-8) was forced to overcome four blocked kicks (all of which were set up by bad snaps) and a non-productive first half in which Millen survived 7-of-21 passing by hitting Irving Fryar (6 for 134, second consecutive 100-yard game receiving) with a 50-yard scoring bomb with 27 seconds left only to fail to tie the game when Charlie Baumann's extra point was blocked.

That left New England trailing, 10-9, and the omens were not good because the Bills were running the ball with some authority, were dominating on special teams and had blown an early 10-0 lead and still had by 1.

But the Bills (10-2) almost completely abandoned their

running game in the third quarter, trying to throw into New England's assortment of zone defenses designed to keep tighter coverage on Andre Reed, Lofton and tight end Keith McKeller, especially after they made short catches underneath those zones.

In their first meeting the Patriots failed to do that, missing tackles in several critical situations to turn short receptions into long gains. Defensive coordinator Joe Collier spent the week emphasizing tackling and coverage and what resulted was New England's tightest pass coverage of the year and four interceptions off a beleaguered and bewildered Jim Kelly, who has thrown 10 touchdowns and 16 interceptions against the Patriots in his career.

"Our defensive backs did a hell of a job covering them," said defensive end Garin Veris. "But what surprised me was the way they stopped running the ball. They were running well but they went away from it in the second half. I felt that was a mistake on their part. It seemed like they got impatient."

Perhaps more than impatient, the Bills played like a team so confident it felt nothing could compel them to lose regardless of how poorly they executed.

Twice cornerback Maurice Hurst intercepted ill-advised Kelly passes in the second quarter, after the Bills had taken a 10-0 lead, the second of which was a ridiculous throw that set up Millen's touchdown pass to Fryar one play later.

Those two plays allowed New England to survive as it has all year - by tenaciously clinging to a belief that if the game is close it can pull it out in the final minutes. That, combined with the Bills' apparent belief in their own invincibility, brought New England its second big win over a playoff-bound AFC team, the first coming here against Houston this year.

In a scary way, this could be a blessing in disguise," said Buffalo safety Leonard Smith. "It makes us realize we just can't turn it on at any time and win. I think everybody thought that but we came up a little short. We've got to get that killer instinct and just put teams away."

In this instance Buffalo failed to do so early and the Patriots made them pay a grim price that was only lessened by an Oilers loss to Pittsburgh that allowed the Bills to maintain their hold on the home-field advantage for the playoffs.

New England was not of a mind to help the Bills' cause after Millen answered a 29-yard Scott Norwood field goal, his second of the day, with 1:29 to play in the third quarter with what would prove to be the winning drive.

It was at this point, trailing, 13-9, with 1:29 left in the period and hopes dimming as dark as the foggy sky that seemed to wrap the stadium in funereal gray, that the Patriots abandoned their 3-yards-and-a-cloud-full-of-punts offense for the no-huddle, two-minute one that has been so successful all year.

Just like that, New England was moving, passing eight out of 10 plays on a 65-yard touchdown march in which the big play was a 34-yard completion to Fryar over Nate Odomes, whom Fryar beat all afternoon in single and double coverage. It required a perfect throw by Millen and a nearly perfect catch by Fryar and each delivered to put the ball on the Bills' 7 less than two minutes into the final quarter.

Three plays later Millen lined up the no-huddle in a spread formation at the Bills' 2 and faked out the entire defense by running the seldom seen quarterback sneak that might have tied the Jets' game for a touchdown behind solid blocks from right guard Danny Villa and tackle Pat Harlow with 13:09 to play.

"The coaches called that play," Millen said. "I liked the call. It only works from that far out because your throwing personnel is in. If we had our muscle formation in there I get about a foot on a sneak."

Instead they got a win, although they had to blunt Buffalo's no-huddle three more times (once with a Ronnie Lippett interception and a final time by virtue of Williams' sack of Kelly for a 6-yard loss on third down and heavy pressure on him on fourth down that led to a harmless incompleteness with 43 seconds left).

"Yeah, it was an off day," said Kelly (26 for 44, 204 yards, 4 sacks, 4 interceptions). "We didn't execute on offense. Myself. The whole offensive team. The offense stunk out the entire Northeast."

The moment that last Kelly pass hit the ground Millen trotted on knowing, at last, he would get to run his favorite play with a laugh.

"It feels great to run the flop play [where he kneels down after taking the snap to run out the clock]," Millen said. "That's become my favorite play."

If he did, James Lofton would be right. The Patriots would be happy. . . at another team's expense. Just like they were yesterday.

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JANUARY 7, 1930

## **BRUINS MAKE IT 13 STRAIGHT VICTORIES**

### **Shut Out New York Rangers, 3-0**

**By John J. Hallahan, The Boston Globe**

The unstoppable Bruins continued their victorious path last night, when they scored their first shutout of the season, their 13th straight win in the National Hockey League and their ninth consecutive triumph over the New York Rangers, 3 to 0, in the Garden. The victory also marked the 11th straight game of the season in which little Cooney Weiland has scored a goal.

That's the history of the Bruins made before another big house of 14,000, all of which was pleasing to the large crowd. The Rangers, always looked upon as an offensive team, did not apparently try in the opening two periods, but next to the epoch history contributed by the Boston contingent, it was the scoring of the first goal by Dr. Bill Carson that "brought down" the house, as the dentist had been having such a tough time all season when it came to making goals.

It was a brilliant play and the "Red Cross" trio of Carson, Mickey MacKay, who played better than any time this season, and George Owen was a very effective line.

The general, all-around superiority of the Bruins was manifest, and it was this that counted. Thompson, Keeling and Murdock were the most dangerous of the Rangers, while "Ching" Johnson, who came in for a lot of booing, played his best in the closing period. He, however, showed a let-down in speed, as compared with other seasons.

### **Long Range Shooting**

In the first period Galbraith and Barry, swinging down the right side, gave Roach a chance to contribute a spectacular save in the first few minutes. Frankie Boucher teamed with "Bun" Cook, Tiny Thompson making one of his usual brilliant stops.

Galbraith got in close, only to find Roach smothering the puck. Barry and Shore also peppered Roach's position, all of which efforts proved fruitless.

A change was made by each team as to the makeup of its frontier forces, the "Sharpshooters" going in for the champions, with Keeling, Murdock and Paul Thompson for the Rangers.

The latter pair, much to the disgust of the big crowd, essayed long range with no success. The spectators, once the Rangers got to center ice, would yell "Shoot!"

Bourgeault was chasd for tripping and Shore went off shortly afterward because of a similar infringement. However, no damage was done by either team in their weakened condition. The covering was very close, each team waiting for the break. For the most part the Rangers were unable to get in close, and continued their long-distance shooting, all to no avail.

For the first time this season the spectators saw players stepping into Marty Barry, the clever Bruins' defense player, but he proved he was able to withstand the bumps and come back for more.

The crowd did not like the tactics employed by the Rangers. Seldom did they carry to the Boston defense. While there was no scoring, there was very little whistling, as judged by the elapsed time, 21 minutes 45 seconds, which was required for the actual 20 minutes in action.

### **Carson Turns the Trick**

The second period opened with Paul Thompson of the Rangers still in the "calaboose." In their weekend condition the New Yorkers continued shooting the puck down the ice. "Yip" Foster, ex-Springfield Indian, sparing for Bourgeault, seemed bent on bumping Barry, only to find Marty equal to withstanding it.

A great save by Thompson crimped the Rangers of their first real chance. Paul Thompson, Keeling and Murdock swooped down on the Boston fort. By passing they beat the Bruin outer pair. Keeling took the shot. Thompson went down, and Murdock rushed to cram the puck by the goalie only to be foiled.

"Yip" Foster gave owen a toss into the boards and drew a penalty. The Bruins here sent in their third line, MacKay, making a free shot, drove at a mass of players in front of the New York net. Mickey's shot could not get through. Another time Carson lost his balance as MacKay passed ahead of him, and another opportunity went fading.

A Weiland-Clapper effort went amiss as Dit took his eye off the little piece of rubber. The New Yorkers played defensively most of the time. "Ching" Johnson took keen delight in bowling over the Bruins, once sending Dutch Gainor down. Neither team could get very far, the coering was so close and stiff.

However, when the third line was sent in for the Bruins, with MacKay, Carson and Owen on the frontier, the big crowd went crazy, for Dr. Bill Carson, who had been having the toughest kind of luck all season, finally got a break that resulted in a score.

MacKay picked the puck up at the Rangers' blue line, and Carson skated over to the right boards. MacKay, sensing the play, passed to the doctor. The latter was under a full head of steam backhandling the puck, he sent it by oach for a counter in 12 minutes 21 seconds. the spectators, who had seen Carson thwarted many times by visiting goalies, fairly went wild in the greatest demonstration heard this season at the Garden.

It was smart play and all of the Bruins jumped with glee at Carson's success. Shortly afterward the period ended.

### **Bruins Get Under Way**

In the third period both teams started as they did at the start of the game, only Foster was on defense for the Rangers instead of Bourgeault. Barry threatened several times, going in close for a short-range firing and on long shots from the blue line. A stout defense held the Rangers at bay in the early minutes.

Clapper had a fine opportunity when Roach played a shot carelessly. "Dit" raced in as the puck came off the back boards, but Roach blocked the shot. Murray Murdock also made a desperate try for an equalizer of a similar shot that went around back of the Bruins' net. Keeling also had a chance, but Thompson cared for the shot.

A Shore-Galbraith pass went around amiss. Barry got loose and only Roach crimped him.

Although "Ching" Johnson knocked Marty down, it did not stop him from trying. Barry, working with MacKay and Oliver, raced in after a scrimmage, took a shot. Roach saved. The rebound, however, flipped out in front, where Olier was uncovered, and Harry lifted the rubber by the net man for the second goal.

A Clapper rebound that left the leading scorer of the league uncovered 20 feet in front of the cage, as Foster and Bourgeault were playing defense for the Rangers, enabled "Cooney" Weiland to puncture the draperies for the third goal.

The Rangers had little left to battle the World Champions, and while they became more or less desperate the defense of the Bruins became more stubborn. Shore and Hitchman went down on all fours to keep the strings untouched.

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MARCH 9, 1969

## **BRUINS ROLL, 7-2, CUT MONTREAL LEAD**

### **Trail By One, Espo Boosts Total to 107**

**By Tom Fitzgerald, The Boston Globe**

The Bruins looked a lot more like themselves last night at the Garden, and the result was a 7-2 runaway over the Los Angeles Kings.

This was in great contrast to the dismal occasion of the previous evening at Detroit when the Bruins appeared like a loosely organized group assembled for shinny on the town pond.

This time, they were all sharp and aggressive efficiency, like a club which is driving for a championship.

That's just what the Bruins are still doing, of course, and they elevated their chances with the victory. The two points pushed them within a single point of Montreal, which was tied in the afternoon at New York.

And it is still quite significant sidelight that Boston has two games in hand over Montreal, which is the opponent in the last home-and-home series of the season.

A great deal of the lift against L.A. could be attributed to the resumption to form of the big line of Phil Esposito, Kenny Hodge and Ron Murphy.

These fellows were tightly checked off the score sheet Saturday night, but had another outburst against the Kings and

their good young goalie, Gerry Desjardins.

Hodge lashed in two goals and Esposito had a goal and three assists. This boosted Espo's leading point total to 107 on 41 goals and 68 assists.

Additional scoring contributions were by Bobby Orr, Johnny Bucyk, Wayne Cashman and Eddie Shack.

There was statistical emphasis on a couple of these, too. Orr's was his 18th, which brings him to within one of the club record for a defenseman and within two of the league record of 20, both made by Flash Hollett in his varied service here and with Detroit.

Bucyk's goal represented the 700th point of his career, a fact noted with enthusiasm by the capacity audience of 14,659 when it was brought to public attention by announcer Frank Fallon.

Gerry Cheevers had another alert and sound game in the Bruins net. Gerry was beaten in the first period by young Jimmy Peters on a power play, and in the third by Lowell MacDonald, who plunked in an enticing rebound.

The Bruins had a revival of both strength and spirit, which it is hoped they will be able to sustain in view of a schedule this week that includes road games at Minnesota, Philadelphia and Toronto before they return here for the conclusion of the home-and-home engagement with the Leafs on Sunday night.

The Boston passing was accurate and quickly developed, which was another contrast to the display against the Red Wings, and while they were rolling to one of their high totals, the Bruins missed connections on several good setups as well as being deprived on good grabs by Desjardins.

Of all seven goals the one which brought the greatest reaction was the sixth, by Shack.

On earlier turns, the great "entertainer" was not received too well by large segments of the audience. In fact, they greeted him with a pretty concerted salvo of boos.

In his whirlwind fashion, Eddie obviously decided he'd show his tormentors something.

In the 12th minute of the final period, Shack started to fly around the ice. Eventually, he let go from a point deep out on the left along the boards.

There was steamy vengeance on the shot and the puck really blazed up under the cross bar behind Desjardins and bounced out again as the red light flashed.

Eddie brought the house down.

There were some other more constant performances during the night. A notably meritorious one was by Don Awrey, who not only played his defense position with considerable skill, but skated and passed in possibly his best style of this season

including an eight-point margin (90-82) with 9:24 to play.

But once again they lost. The Celtics rallied behind the 28 years of NBA experience supplied by John Havlicek, Don Nelson and Paul Silas and pulled out a 106-102 victory at Buffalo Memorial Auditorium.

"Down the stretch told the story," said Silas. "If they had been an experienced ballclub, we never could have won tonight."

With Randy Smith putting on a show, and with Elmore Smith doing his intimidating thing around the hoop, and with the Celtics shooting like a team of young Johnny Greens, Buffalo controled the game from the first four minutes of the second half, until finally attaining that last eight-point lead on a corner jumper by Bob Kauffman, the All-Star forward.

But then Silas made the play which, as things turned out, appeared to stop Buffalo's momentum and start Boston on the road to recovery, a lead and its 36th victory of the season - not to mention its 14th straight over the Braves, lifetime.

What he did was steal a pass intended for Kauffman from guard Dave Wohl. "I mentioned a cross-court pass," he explained. "I knew Kauffman was coming, so I slacked back a little. Wohl threw it, and didn't have much on it."

Having stolen the ball, he drove downcourt with the burly Kauffman on his tail and laid it on. From then on, things changed.

That basket launched the Celtics, who had trailed from 57-56 on, into a 24-8 burst over the next 7:12. When it was over, the Celtics had a 106-98 lead with 2:12 remaining, and it was merely a matter of running down the clock and not doing anything excessively stupid, which they didn't.

Havlicek scored 16 of his game-high 33 points in the final period, including one basket which had to deal a big mental blow to the Braves. Dave Cowens (16) was on the line trying to complete a three-point play, having just broken the last tie at 92-all. He missed the foul shot, but the long rebound went to John, who took it in mid-air and banked home the follow-up from 10 feet to give the Celtics a four-point play.

While Nelson (brilliant, especially in the third quarter) and Silas (rebounding and running in style) were abetting Havlicek and Cowens, who was on the boards down the stretch, the Braves were doing everything wrong, and no one more so than Randy, who had carried them earlier. His poor shot selection in an attempt to do everything himself created nine rebounds and fast break opportunities for the Celtics.

Some day, the Braves will beat Boston. But not until their heads catch up to their bodies.

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JANUARY 16, 1973

## CELTICS FOILS BRAVES, 106-102

By Bob Ryan, The Boston Globe

BUFFALO - It has ceased to become a joke for Buffalo Braves fans. This thing with the Celtics is fast becoming a nightmare.

Once again, the Braves played inspired basketball against the Celtics. Once again they had the crowd - this time numbering 10,274 - delirious by taking leads throughout the ball game,

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